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To Princeton Theological Seminary
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FAR WEST IN CHINA

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By

STANTON LAUTENSCHLAGER

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STANTON LAUTENSCHLAGER was born in Kitchener, Ontario, Canada. He was graduated from Huntington College, Indiana, in 1915; four years later he received his master of arts degree from the University of Michigan. He did further advanced study at the University of Chicago and the University of Toronto.

He went to China in 1920 as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. He served as head of the English department and subsequently as associate professor of political science in Cheeloo University at Tsinan, Shantung. In 1931 he took a party of Cheeloo students on a good-will tour to Japan. When the war forced the close of the arts department of this college in 1937, Mr. Lautenschlager served for a year on the faculty of Lingnan University in Canton; later he resumed his work with Cheeloo University at its wartime location in Chengtu, West China.

Mr. Lautenschlager's interests embrace the social and political development of China. He has given special service in the field of student evangelism, and has traveled extensively among the colleges. In the fall of 1940 he made a remarkable journey through communist territory. He also visited scores of the new industrial cooperatives in the West. Mr. Lautenschlager is the author of magazine articles on China and China's Northwest.

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MAP OF WEST CHINA *Center Fold*

FOREWORD

THE three narratives which comprise this pamphlet were written with the hope of providing some insight into a few phases of the unprecedented progress which has taken place in China's great Free West during the war years. Much of this progress is definitely related to Christianity. In the communist headquarters I found a new friendliness to Christianity and a new freedom for preaching. Anti-Christian activities on the part of the communists are reported from some areas in which they operate. I can report only what I saw in the area that I visited. Here I found a welcome so great that it seems to me a new open door for the church.

The great industrial cooperative movement, which is providing work for thousands of refugees and democratizing large areas of life all over China's Free West, has many ties with the Christian movement in China through its founders and leaders, and through the support given by Christians.

My work among students in the Southwest, West and Northwest shows that the whole student world in these vast territories is responding to the Christian gospel. Every student center is asking for Christian workers, Chinese and foreign. American and British missionaries are especially welcome. If one hundred new missionaries who love Christ and youth were to arrive in the far West of China today, they could not possibly enter all the doors of opportunity open to them.

S. L.

New York, N. Y.
October, 1941

I

A CHRISTIAN VISITS CHINESE COMMUNISTS

RECENTLY I had the privilege of spending five days in Yenan, the capital of Chinese communism, and of talking with most of the leaders there. Before describing that city, however, I will tell something about our journey to Yenan through communist districts.

It was a cold evening, after dark, when we arrived at "Tea-House City," the first village in communist territory. There was no tea and no city, only a few little houses. In China the name of a place does not depend on its size but on its spirit. My Chinese companion went at once with our letter of introduction to get an escort to take us to the county seat two miles away, while I ate noodles boiled in river water and seasoned with a pinch of salt and a spoonful of bean oil, and thanked God that after many days on bus and wagon and horseback we had at last arrived safely in this land, even though it was said to be ruled by people who did not believe in God.

Soon my friend came back with two cheerful Eighth Route (communist) Army guards, who carried our baggage and escorted us to Fu Hsien, the county seat. When we found that a message had already been sent ahead, and that the officials were themselves coming out to meet us, we entirely forgot our weariness.

In a short time we were eating a hot supper and chatting with the political and military leaders about the unity of China,

Japanese aggression and the problem of peace and justice in the world. The room in which we sat was decorated with bunting, but it contained only the flags of China and Soviet Russia. We were told that Great Britain and America were imperialist-capitalist countries and could not easily be China's true friends. I replied that I did not believe China could afford to have only one friend, and that to my mind, just as she had three enemies—Japan, Italy and Germany, so she had also three friends—Soviet Russia, Great Britain and America. Since the Nazi attack on Soviet Russia, the Chinese communists have officially lauded Great Britain and Russia as "main pillars of the anti-fascist United Front," and they have always expressed great appreciation of American help to China.

The next morning, after a good breakfast of eggs, chicken and rice, we started out for Yenan. The officials furnished us with three horses—one for our baggage—and three guards, free of charge. (Food, lodging and travel cost us nothing while in communist areas.) At first they had hung a lot of baggage over my saddle, making it much too wide for my short legs. "Can you ride a horse?" they said, looking at me doubtfully. "Yes," I said, "I can ride a horse but I haven't learned yet how to ride baggage." They laughed and provided another horse for the baggage.

My guard told me that he was twenty years old and that he had run away from his home in Szechwan and joined the Red Army when he was thirteen years old. He complained about his food and his hard life. He had a brother in a factory in Sian. When I wanted to know why he did not leave this hard life and become a workman like his brother, he said

that the Eighth Route Army was better than the factory and that anyhow he had joined up to fight the Japanese. I asked him if there were bandits on the auto road on which we were traveling. When he said, "No," I inquired, "Why then carry a gun?" Looking at me in amazement he replied, "How could I escort my honorable guest properly if I didn't have a gun?"

Shortly after dark we reached Kan Chuan, another county capital. This little city of about one hundred families was almost entirely in ruins, and most of the people were living outside the city walls. Here we were again provided with supper, a night's lodging and breakfast, and three horses for our trip the next morning. Chinese hospitality demands that a guest be given two meals and a night's lodging free. To give less is an insult to the guest; to take less is an offense to the host.

We continued our journey on horseback. The road followed the river all the way to Yenan, and the scenery was lovely. Flocks of wild pheasants could be seen in the fields, the cocks and hens feeding separately. A shout from us would bring hundreds of them into the air. On the road, I talked to a friendly peasant. "Isn't this Eighth Route territory?"

"Yes," he answered, perfectly at ease and unafraid.

"How are conditions here?"

"Much better."

"How better?"

"Taxes are lower, it is more peaceful, and our children are in school."

"Don't the soldiers ill-treat you?"

"No, they help us."

"Do you have freedom, or are you oppressed?"

"We are not oppressed; we have great freedom."

In fairness to non-communist areas, it should be said that all over the Northwest conditions are now more peaceful and progressive than they were a few years ago. In the villages all along the road peasants were comfortably dressed in warm wadded garments. The children looked well fed and healthy. Nowhere in communist areas did we see a single beggar, although it is all comparatively poor territory.

Late in the evening, about an hour after sunset, when the light of the glorious Shensi moon was making the mountain peaks still more beautiful and fantastic, we suddenly saw about a mile ahead of us a tall, graceful pagoda glittering in the moonlight. It marked our arrival at Yenan.

We were weary and cold and hungry. Yenan meant food and rest and a good warm cave. In the distance we heard the beating of gongs, and as we drew nearer we could see players on a stage. A play in an open-air theatre was just coming to a close. Scores of people passed us, young and old, women on horseback holding little children, singing and shouting to each other. Then our horses turned in at a gate in front of a good single-story building. Above, in the side of the mountain, were scores of caves. We were at the guest-house of Yenan.

YENAN, THE CAPITAL OF CHINESE COMMUNISM

Ever since the Chinese communists were driven out of Kiangsi and made the great trek north, immortalized by Edgar Snow in *Red Star over China,*[1] the capital of Chinese communism has been in the province of Shensi, in Northwest

[1] New York, Random House, 1938.

China, first in Pao An and then in Yenan. Since the creation of the United Front, that is, cooperation between the Kuomintang (the National People's Party) and the Communist Party to resist Japanese aggression, Yenan has been recognized as the capital of the communist border district, which includes twenty-six counties, reaching into the four provinces of Kansu, Ninghsia, Shensi and Shansi.

Yenan is predominantly a city of caves. Thousands of them are scattered throughout twenty miles of mountain gorges. Homes, schools, hospitals, industries, government offices are in caves. Caves are not only safe and economical, but they are warm in winter and cool in summer. In most places the hard loess soil will stand up without props. We were always glad when our guest-house was a cave, because it was warm and the front part was as light as any house, while the back provided us with dressing room and an opportunity for a private bath. The latter use, as it turned out, was not necessary in Yenan. Here I had a real bath in a real bathhouse, where steaming hot water was poured into two cement tubs through pipes from outside. It was my first opportunity for a tub bath since I had left Szechwan a month before.

The next morning the ground was covered with an inch of snow. The mountains looked magnificent, like Christmas in fairyland. The old city of Yenan is only a wall and a square mile of ruins. Even the great stone arches across the streets have been shattered. The Baptist church is a pile of broken bricks. After many bombings the Japanese finally came with ninety planes and bombed until they could not see a building left standing. However, only two people were killed this time, because the Yenanites had long since moved into their cave

strongholds in the mountains. The only result of this final bombing was that several tons of what was probably good American steel were contributed to China's cause, while the Japanese people paid the bill, which no doubt ran into several millions of yen (Japanese dollars).

But the new Yenan does not consist merely of thousands of caves. Whole new streets of shops, cooperatives, banks, restaurants and small industries have also been built, not in caves and not in the old city, but pretty well hidden away from the vultures of the sky. A great government bank is being erected. I saw dozens of well dressed masons and carpenters cutting stone and wood for more new buildings. I asked a stone mason what wages he was getting and who was his employer. He was working for the government eight hours a day and was getting $1.65 a day. These were good wages, as living costs in Yenan were comparatively low.

THE SPIRIT OF YENAN

At Yenan I attended a memorial service for a Canadian, Dr. Norman Bethune, who had served democracy in the war in Spain, and then sacrificed his life in the Red Cross work of the Eighth Route Army. The communists have built two memorial hospitals, one at the war front and one at Yenan, as well as a monument to his memory in the Wu Tai mountains. His greatest monument, however, is in the hearts of the soldiers of the Eighth Route Army.

For three nights mixed audiences of over a thousand students, officials, workers and soldiers filled the auditorium for the memorial service. All were dressed in simple gray garments. There was no distinction nor consciousness of class.

Everyone sat on narrow, backless benches, including the guests and the highest officials. We had been the guests of General Chu Teh and the communist author, Wang Ning, at a dinner given in our honor, and we went with our hosts to the service. Several rows of factory workers and students sat in front of us and when we were asked to speak, General Chu Teh and I had to climb over rows of seats, just like the rest. Everybody had to press together, including guests and officials, until all were seated. Dr. Bethune was described as a great Canadian, a great doctor, a great friend of China and a great patriot of humanity. General Chu Teh added a few words of praise.

A play was presented, showing the brutal persecution of a Jewish doctor in Germany. When the audience good-naturedly shouted down the student who was trying to make a long explanation of the play, General Chu Teh turned to me and smiled. "You see how our freedom and equality work."

The meeting broke up after midnight. All the audience, except a few who rode horses, walked home, some five and even ten miles. We walked about four miles to our cave guest-house. There are no rickshaws and no chairs in Yenan. As it happens, the country is thinly populated and can support horses, and most of the people in Yenan are young. Those who are not young in years, like General Chu Teh and the aged secretary-general, are young in spirit; they, too, walk.

This problem of transportation is not just one of spirit, though. In the thickly populated areas of China, replacing the rickshaw and chair with the horse would mean that so much food would be used for horses and so many people would be thrown out of employment that multitudes would starve. Until mechanized means of travel become available

and until factories provide work for the unemployed, the injustice of the human horse will probably remain. The communists have done much to solve this problem by rapid industrialization. There is no unemployment at Yenan.

EDUCATION

Education in communist territory, as well as elsewhere in the Northwest, has made great progress. This is all the more praiseworthy since the communist areas are poor. In 1936 there were only one hundred and twenty primary schools in the twenty-six counties. By 1939 there were eight hundred, and by 1940 over twelve hundred. Thus primary education has increased ten-fold in four years. In 1937 a normal school was started, and in 1938 a middle school. These were combined in 1939 and now have over three hundred students. In 1940 two more middle schools were opened. Winter schools have also been established for adult peasants in five hundred places, and are carried on by local youth groups and village organizations with the help of the government. Students and those with a little education teach others with less.

Primary education is difficult in a country as poor and sparsely populated as this, where the villages are small and far apart. Because of the widespread poverty, many families prefer to have their children stay at home and work. Formerly every family dreamed of sending at least one of their sons to school in order that he might become an official and get rich, but today a communist official receives merely a simple living and five dollars a month, so even that incentive is removed. However, in a few years all the children will be in school, for education is now compulsory.

The communists everywhere use the roman script as a help in learning to read Chinese more quickly. This method is especially useful for those who are too old or do not have the time to learn the Chinese characters.

The greatest of the schools of higher education is Kang Ta (Resistance University). Classes are held in an old Confucian temple, but the offices and dormitories are all in caves. Kang Ta has its main central school in Shansi, but it conducts six branch schools. The Yenan Kang Ta is Branch School Number Three. The main school and all the other branches are behind the Japanese lines.

The branch school at Yenan has a thousand students. Altogether Kang Ta claims twenty thousand students and ten thousand graduates. The graduates are mostly behind the Japanese lines organizing the people and leading guerrilla troops. Kang Ta is the Eighth Route Army's military school. Students range from sixteen to thirty years of age. Courses used to be only six months, but now they last a full twelve, and are almost entirely devoted to political and military subjects. The women students, who used to be in Kang Ta, are now in Nu Ta (Women's College). There are about three hundred in Nu Ta. Most of them go on to medical college and then serve as nurses and doctors in the villages or in the army. The men in Kang Ta nearly all go into political or military work for the Eighth Route Army. Education is practical rather than theoretical. Students study part of the time and work part of the time in the factories near the school. This is not only to help pay a portion of their expenses; it is considered a vital part of their education.

In Nu Ta about one-third of the students are married. The

principal is herself a married woman. Two well lighted caves are given over to the babies, and student mothers take turns in caring for their own children and those of their schoolmates while the rest study and work. The babies are scientifically cared for. The school gives help but the mothers must take responsibility for their own infants. The government supports the students and the babies, but the babies are in no way considered nationalized. Family life seems natural and happy at Yenan.

The Lu Shun Art College at Lu I, dedicated to the memory of Lu Shun, China's great peasant poet, is in Roman Catholic property in a lovely mountain valley. The great cathedral looks like an art gallery of the Russian Revolution. The three hundred students, however, live and work in caves half a mile away. Because art demands self-expression, unusual freedom is granted to the students. The courses include drama, sculpture, drawing, painting and music. At Lu I some of China's most stirring songs of resistance, like the Yellow River songs, have been composed. Each graduate has his own cave. We found one modeling a young soldier—a fighter for freedom—whose face showed neither fierceness nor hatred, only strength, determination and idealism. Another was working at a *hsiao kwei*—little devil—a term used in endearment rather than in derision. To call a boy helper a *hsiao kwei* spreads a grin all over his face. In another studio were almost finished creations of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, and in still another the unfinished bust of Mao Tze-tung, the chairman of the Chinese Communist Party.

Ten miles out, also in caves, is China Medical College, which migrated from Kiangsi with the army and which has moved

five times since it has been in the Northwest. It has two hundred and thirty students, of whom two-thirds are women. The principal, a Szechwanese, and his faculty, representing a dozen provinces, are very much on the job. The college has excellent teaching charts, which the foreign doctor there told me compared well with the best. They were made by a wounded soldier who now gives all his time to chart making. Much of the apparatus also has been made by students and teachers. The men graduates go into the military hospitals and the women into the villages to serve the peasants. The college is located in the midst of peasant villages, and a passion for service seems to pervade the school. One cannot but feel that these students are getting just the training needed for the interior, where modern equipment will not be available.

In all schools the students wear simple gray wadded garments, and eat simple food. The dining rooms are in the open air and the food consists of steaming hot millet and cabbage cooked with a bit of pork fat. Each student has his own bowl and eats standing up, with the mountain breezes fanning his face. Classes are generally held out in the open. The students sit on stools and write on a square board held on their knees, and the teachers prop the blackboard against a house or a mountain. It is a hard life, but the students are healthy and happy at Yenan.

MEDICAL WORK

There are over a dozen hospitals and sanatoriums in the vicinity of Yenan. International Peace Hospital, which is a memorial to Dr. Bethune, is the practice hospital for China Medical College. It was partly built with money from friends

abroad. It is not in caves but in six one-story buildings, and has one hundred and fifty beds and a small portable X-ray. Thanks to voluntary student labor, these forty thousand dollar buildings cost less than twenty thousand dollars to erect. A scroll written by Mao Tze-tung holds the place of honor in the college. It contains the simple words, "Heroes of Labor."

The finest of all the hospitals is Central Hospital and Student Sanatorium. It is housed in caves—one hundred and twenty of them—street upon street, half a mile up into the mountains. The soil excavated from the caves has been built into wide outdoor porches, where patients can sit or lie in the glorious mountain air and sunshine. Central Hospital has one hundred beds, and twenty more will shortly be added. The Student Sanatorium has also one hundred beds, which will soon be increased to two hundred. Christians in China and abroad contributed ten thousand dollars, Chinese currency, toward this sanatorium. The Yenan students thanked us again and again for this help.

Many of the caves in Central Hospital communicate with one another; some are connected with deep tunnels running far into the mountains in case of air raids. Some have underground heating systems. Seven caves are "waiting caves" for expectant mothers. Five are for after-delivery cases. Here factory workers, professors' wives, student mothers, officials' wives and all mothers from government institutions receive the same care in the same "first-class wards." All these mothers get six weeks' care free, and forty dollars (Chinese) to prepare for and to clothe the baby, in addition to ten dollars a month for its food. I never saw anywhere else so many happy young mothers and so many healthy, fat babies.

SOCIALISM

Yenan is not very radical. Landlords who fled during the days of the land revolution in 1925 can return and receive back eighty per cent of their land. The other twenty per cent is given to landless peasants. The landlords must, however, reduce land rents twenty-five per cent, but this still allows them a very reasonable rent. After deducting four hundred pounds of grain per head per annum for each member of his family. the peasant pays five per cent on the remainder as a tax to the government. The landlord is paid his rent in grain, but his tax is seven per cent on the grain received over and above four hundred pounds per person in his family, because the landlord lives on the toil of the peasant renter and not by his own work.

Capital and the capitalist are also welcomed and are allowed to make reasonable profits, since capital is needed for industries. Only two per cent of the industries are socialized. Profits are of course controlled, and socialized industry is encouraged and is increasing.

The highest government and military officials receive only a simple living and five dollars a month. University professors and middle school teachers are paid three dollars and two dollars a month. All medical and other living expenses are met by the government. But factory workers get a living and thirty dollars a month. They can dress and live better than the generals and officials. This is done to encourage industrialization. A worker who is badly needed and is not a communist is often paid more than a communist. Non-communist help is paid at market price. The principal of a hospital told me he could pay two hundred dollars a month for good

doctors if the specialists he required were available. That is a very good salary, as the cost of living is one-third less than in most other parts of Western China. Such doctors would of course have to pay their own living expenses. The communist, though, must live more cheaply. Like the early Christians, he must be prepared to sacrifice for the cause he has undertaken to support.

Yenan deals with the problem of prostitution, not by law but by economics. Girls can earn good wages in the factories. Factory work also gives them the highest social status. Any bright girl can also get an opportunity to go to school. When a girl can be a respected member of society and make a good living, she is not likely to become a prostitute.

Yenan has also gone far to solve the problems of graft, corruption and dishonesty. The only foreigner I saw at Yenan, a Roman Catholic medical man, said to me in answer to my question as to what he thought of the city: "I am impressed with the sacrifices and sincerity of the officials, and with the central honesty of the whole order of things. No official enriches himself at Yenan. In the hospital and the medical work the best is always given to the wounded. The officials and students always take the worst. That is why I stay at Yenan."

"But," I said, "you are a Roman Catholic. The communists have taken all your church property. Lu I Art College is in your cathedral."

"Yes," he said. "But we had very few Christians. Perhaps Lu I is doing more good than the church did. Anyhow the property is big enough for both. I am sure if the priests came back all that was really needed for their work would be gladly restored to them."

YENAN AND NATIONAL UNITY

Yenan communists expressed the greatest admiration for and loyalty to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. In all public buildings the picture of Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Republic, holds the central place, and next to him are always the Generalissimo and Mao Tze-tung, chairman of the Communist Party. From the lowest to the highest the communist leaders in Yenan all declared that they were for the United Front. "Like Lincoln," said the secretary-general of their government, "we are for unity." To the charge of not fighting the Japanese, they replied that if they went behind the Japanese lines and organized the people, as they must to carry on guerrilla warfare, they were accused of enlarging their territory, and if they did not do so, they were accused of not fighting the Japanese. They claimed that it was largely their armies which kept the Japanese out of the province of Kansu, and that if it were not for their guerrilla warfare the whole of North China would now be in Japanese hands. With one-fortieth of the total military budget, they said, they have been fighting seventeen out of forty of the Japanese divisions in China.

Sun Yat-sen had been for the United Front, the communist leaders claimed, and the Communist Party had always stood for unity. The Chinese revolution made the greatest strides against Japanese imperialism, and to fight against it China needed to support cooperation. The Communist Party, they said, hoped that the United Front would continue not only for the period of the war, but also for the period of reconstruction. The Yenan leaders expressed loyalty to their manifesto of December, 1938, in which they had stated that they

would stand shoulder to shoulder and arm in arm with the Kuomintang, not only during the war of resistance to save the country, but after the war to rebuild the nation. They believed the Generalissimo and the more responsible Kuomintang leaders were also loyal to these principles of unity and cooperation.

The communist leaders declared that they had given up confiscation of property and the immediate realization of communism, and had substituted for it Dr. Sun Yat-sen's "Three Principles of the People." They only wanted freedom as a political party, and what they asked for themselves they would never deny to others. The Communist Party, they said, stood for three things: the unity of China, the "Three Principles of the People," and the war of resistance. Since the central government stood for the same three things, the communists voiced their belief that in spite of Japanese intrigues and misunderstandings and possibly minor clashes, the unity of China and the National Front would hold.

CHRISTIANITY AND YENAN

A young newspaper man interviewed me at Yenan. We talked about politics, communism and world affairs, but only when I told him about Christianity and why I was a Christian did he take out his notebook and begin to write. The secretary-general of the border government, a most gracious and delightful old communist who had traveled with the armies all the way from South China to North China, gave us a whole evening. I gave him a whole sermon. I told him that true Christianity was opposed to every form of aggression, that Jesus himself was a carpenter and one of the reasons he was

nailed to a cross by the selfish interests of his time was his refusal to compromise on the matter of social justice. I asked him why the Red Cross, the Chinese Friends of the Wounded, and even the Eighth Route Army itself used a cross to represent the supreme sacrifice. Was it not Jesus' death which gave that meaning to the cross? I asked him why they sometimes opposed the religion of Jesus, which inspired the very ideals communism was trying to realize? He was greatly moved, and so was I, for I realized that it was he and not I who wore the clothes of a peasant carpenter, who ate mostly millet and cabbage, and who received only a simple living and five dollars a month so that mothers and their babies could have the best care in the finest hospitals. There was a look of nobility on the face of this white-haired communist as he answered with great earnestness: "Christians and communists have not understood each other. Christians often supported reactionaries, but the communists realize the contribution of the church and appreciate the work of the missionaries."

A few months before our visit to Yenan, Chou En-lai, the communist representative in Chungking, had said to me, "If you go to Yenan, take some Y.M.C.A. secretaries along and start a Y.M.C.A."

"Would you welcome Christians?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "We welcome all who have a contribution to make to China."

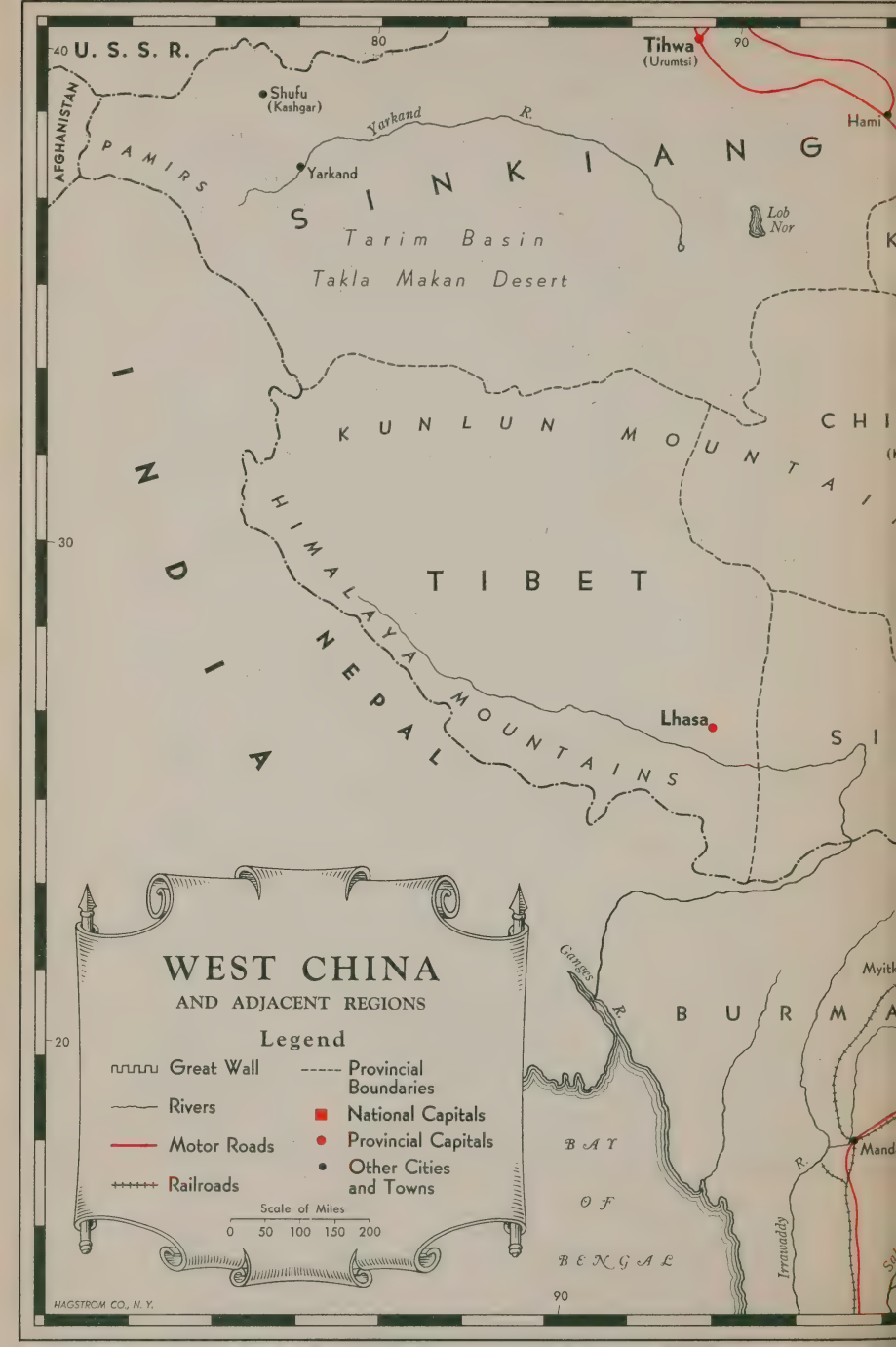
At a student meeting they thanked us for the help given by Christians toward their sanatorium. After speaking on the world situation and congratulating them on their great achievement at Yenan, I told them about Jesus' struggle against injustice, his faith and courage, and why I was a Christian. The

students listened eagerly, and enthusiastically welcomed my remarks about Jesus. A small group followed me down the mountain. One, a former Y.M.C.A. secretary, said that the attitude toward religion had definitely changed, and that Christian workers would certainly be welcomed in Yenan. When we said good-by (we were leaving Yenan the next day) some students shouted after us, "May God protect you on the road."

One evening I was walking with two military students. I asked them about religious freedom in their schools. "I am a Christian," one answered. "I am not yet baptized but I would like to be a Christian," said the other.

We asked General Chu Teh if the church, which had been destroyed by Japanese bombs, could be restored on the old site. The General answered, "You can rebuild on the old site or any site you choose." Then he added, "We asked the Y.M.C.A. to come last year. Why didn't you come?" There is already a new Moslem mosque in Yenan.

Some say that Yenan's present welcome to religion is only a change of policy and not a change of heart, and that if ever the communists came into power they would become anti-Christian again. It is reported that Mao Tze-tung said that one cannot be both a Christian and a communist. If it is true that a Christian cannot join the party and that on becoming a Christian a communist must leave the party, then the communists must consider that there is an irreconcilable conflict between communism and Christianity. In this case communism in power would likely become anti-Christian again. I did not see Mao Tze-tung, for he was ill, but all other leaders in Yenan denied that there was an irreconcilable conflict. They declared that the communists only wanted social justice, free-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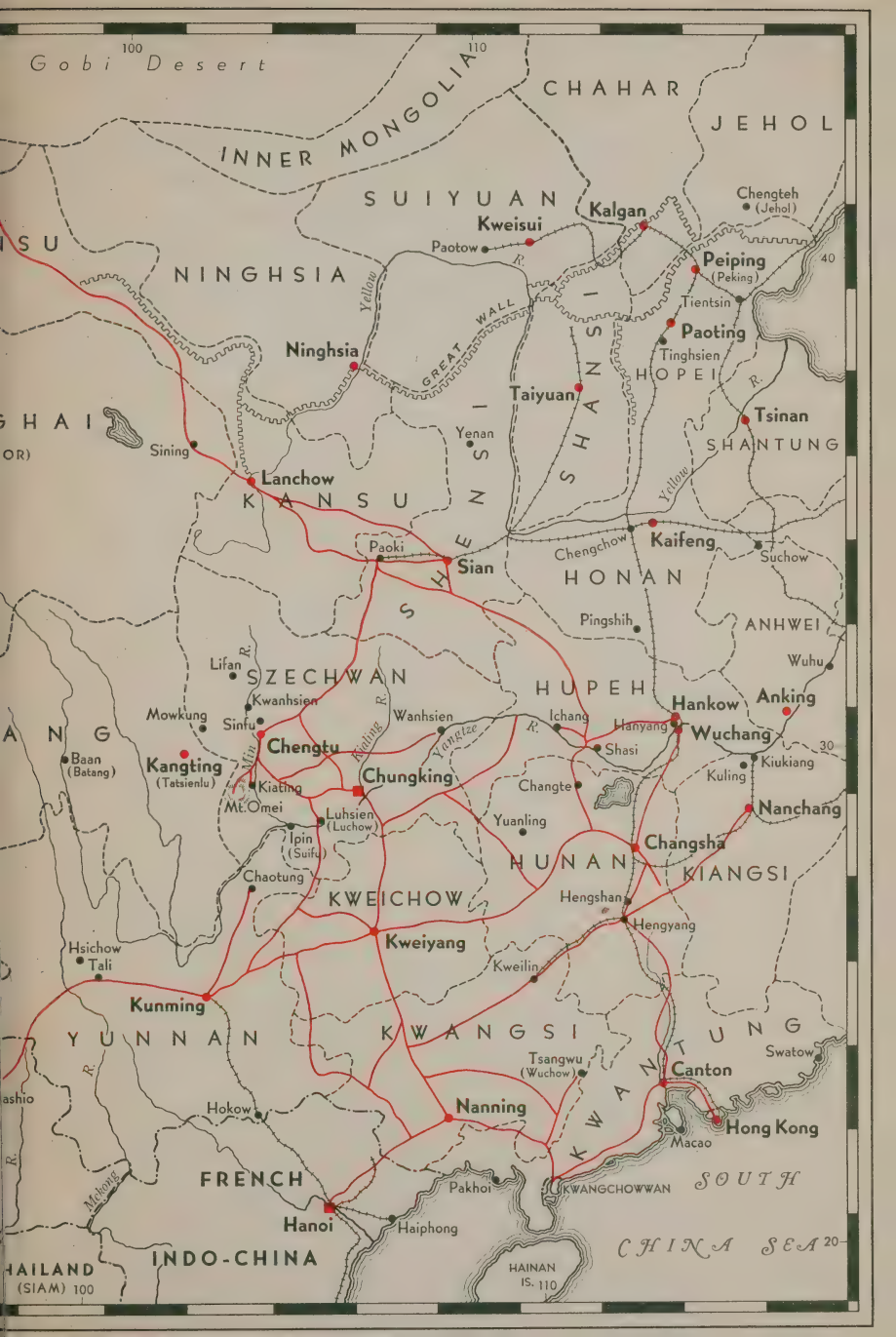
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INNER MONGOLIA
CHAHAR
JEHOL
SUIYUAN
Kweisui
Kalgan
Chengteh
(Jehol)
Paotow
Peiping
(Peking)
40
NINGHSIA
Yellow R.
GREAT WALL
Tientsin
Paoting
Tinghsien
Ninghsia
SHANSI
HOPEI
Taiyuan
R.
Tsinan
SHANTUNG
Yenan
Sining
Lanchow
KANSU
SHENSI
Yellow R.
Kaifeng
Chengchow
Suchow
Paoki
Sian
HONAN
Pingshih
ANHWEI
Wuhu
Anking
Lifan
R.
SZECHWAN
HUPEH
Hankow
Kwanhsien
Mowkung
Sinfu
Wanhsien
Kuling R.
Yangtze R.
Ichang
Hanyang
Wuchang
Shasi
30
Kiukiang
Kuling
Baan
(Batang)
Kangting
(Tatsienlu)
Min R.
Chengtu
Kiating
Chungking
Changte
Mt. Omei
Luhsien
(Luchow)
Yuanling
Nanchang
Ipin
(Suifu)
Changsha
HUNAN
KIANGSI
Chaotung
KWEICHOW
Hengshan
Hengyang
Hsichow
Tali
Kweiyang
Kweilin
Kunming
YUNNAN
KWANGSI
KWANTUNG
Swatow
Tsangwu
(Wuchow)
Canton
Hokow
Nanning
Hong Kong
Macao
Mekong R.
FRENCH
Pakhoi
KWANGCHOWWAN
SOUTH
Hanoi
Haiphong
CHINA SEA
20
INDO-CHINA
HAILAND
(SIAM)
100
HAINAN
IS.
110

dom and democracy, for themselves and for others. No doubt Yenan now welcomes Christians to convince the Christian world that Chinese communism is no longer anti-Christian. Whatever the motive—self-interest, or freedom, or truth—I can only report that the Chinese communists whom I met on this visit showed that they wanted Christians to be their friends and not their enemies.

II

INDUSTRIAL COOPERATIVES IN FREE CHINA

"JAPAN has been responsible for a new outlook in China, and that outlook is westward," once said W. H. Donald, a friend and adviser of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Japan is also responsible for the spread of industrial cooperatives in China. The development of this movement was China's answer to the enemy bombing of the great industries and the occupation of the more industrialized East. Cooperatives exist everywhere now in Free China, even behind the Japanese lines, but the bulk of them are located in those areas of the West under the control of the central government at Chungking. They are entirely non-political and non-partisan.

Before the war the single Japanese city of Osaka contained more industries than all of this vast West. The Southwest is larger than France and Germany combined. Szechwan alone is as large as Germany; Shensi and Kansu are each as large as France; and Sinkiang comprises as much territory as four pre-Nazi Germanys. The Northwest, which includes Shensi, Kansu, Sinkiang, Mongolia and Ninghsia, is as large as Western Europe. The stupendous task of the Chinese government has been to industrialize and nationalize this huge rural, provincial, and, in many places, tribal West. Here more auto roads, schools, telephone and telegraph mileage, and post offices have been created during the war years than all of

China possessed before the war, to say nothing of the hundreds of new industrial cooperatives.

BEGINNINGS OF INDUSCO

When I passed through Shanghai in 1938, six months after the Japanese invasion began, I was given a typewritten sheet describing the need and possibility of an industrial cooperative movement in Free China. At that time there was not a single industrial cooperative; now there are almost two thousand, and the whole enterprise has come to be known as Indusco. The Chinese name for the movement is *Gung-ho She,* literally, "Working Together Association."

Many cooperatives have been established in caves, although most of them are in small bamboo buildings in the mountain valleys. They produce almost every imaginable type of light industrial product, and are increasing at the rate of one hundred a month. Their property in the Northwest, where I visited scores of them, is already worth five and a half million dollars (Chinese currency), and they turn out over six million dollars' worth of goods monthly.

Edgar Snow in his book *The Battle for Asia*[1] gives some interesting information about the movement. He tells how Rewi Alley, a New Zealander who early foresaw the possibilities in this project, and some Chinese and foreign friends in 1938 issued a little booklet called "Chinese Industrial Cooperatives," in which they advocated creating thirty thousand cooperatives in the interior. Five advantages were set forth:

1. Cooperatives were to be in caves and mountain valleys where they could not be bombed.

[1] New York, Random House, 1941.

2. They were to use the local raw materials of which there is an unused abundance.

3. They were to put the thousands of refugees to work and make them an asset instead of a liability.

4. They were to produce the industrial goods so much needed by the people and the army.

5. They were to eliminate capitalist evils and to democratize a whole new area in Chinese life.

When Alley and the British ambassador, Sir Archibald Kerr, presented the Indusco project to the national government, the Generalissimo, Madame Chiang, Dr. H. H. Kung and others at once saw its possibilities and gave it their support. Dr. Kung, brother-in-law of Madame Chiang, has recently become president of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives.

The history of industrial cooperation in China is not complete without the mention of Joseph Bailie, one of the pioneer missionary professors in Nanking University, a teacher of mathematics. In 1910, deeply stirred by the perpetual plight of China's flood and famine refugees, he began his great work of famine prevention through the development of scientific agriculture and forestry. Joseph Bailie also saw the need of industrialization to meet the economic problems of China's millions. He persuaded Henry Ford to educate and train about a hundred Chinese students, many of them Christians, along technical and industrial lines.

Bailie did not live to see the far-reaching effects on China of his experiment. While many of the men, following their return, occupied important positions in industry, it was not until after his death in 1935 that the full flowering of the enterprise took place. So distinctive have been the contribu-

tions of these former students that they have come to be widely known over China as "Bailie boys." Today most of the leaders in the administrative and technical branches of Indusco are Christians from this group. Once highly paid executives, they work at subsistence wages to help expand the movement.

As a monument to the pioneering work of Joseph Bailie, the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives has established six Bailie Memorial Schools to train the movement's most promising workers. These schools, which extend from the Northwest down to the Southeast and even into guerrilla regions, integrate workbench with theoretical training.

In helping found these Memorial Schools, Bailie's former students are following one of the "Old Man's" favorite maxims. In the early days when they had tried to thank him for all that he had made possible for them, he used to say, "You have a sense of obligation—that's good. But don't thank me. You can't possibly pay me back for what I've done for you. You've got to do your paying back to China." And that is exactly what they are now doing.

The outstanding Chinese leader and head of Indusco in the Northwest is Lu Kwang-mien, an earnest Christian educated in Scotland. He gave up the principalship of a great school to go into this movement. His headquarters are in Paoki, the end of China's only railway running into the Northwest. Paoki has grown from ten thousand to seventy thousand since the war. When our Christian group held evangelistic meetings in this city and nearly one hundred decided to become Christians, we asked who should head up a committee to instruct and assist these converts. The decision was unanimous for Lu Kwang-mien. Here I also found the only other

foreigner besides Rewi Alley giving his whole time to Indusco in the Northwest—George Hogg, a jolly young Englishman whose sincerity, good humor and musical ability make him a favorite with everybody.

THE GROWTH OF INDUSCO

The industrial cooperatives are also called "guerrilla industries" and sometimes "vest pocket industries" because they are small and mobile. They are sometimes referred to as "the brotherhood of production." In these industries there are many thousands of refugees now democratically and happily at work. Their former despair has changed to optimism. They are operating machine shops, creating their own equipment for the many new factories which are being built at the rate of three or four a day. Shwang Shih Pu, where Rewi Alley lives, increased its village population of seven hundred to a town of three thousand since the war, and over one-third of the people work in the cooperatives. Here the movement has created its own water power and electricity to furnish power and light for its many factories and shops. Here there are also fine new dormitories for leaders, workers and guests.

The goods produced in the cooperatives are too numerous to mention. They include woolen, cotton and silk goods, leather, iron, glass, munitions, guns, hand grenades, medical supplies, leather goods, sugar, chemical and electrical supplies, salt, oil, paper, fur coats and pottery. Mining cooperatives are at work in coal, iron, gold and silver. There are transport cooperatives using horses, camels, trucks, carts, as well as the thousands of men who comprise their membership. These human carriers not only deliver goods from place to place in

Free China, but risk their lives transporting tons of industrial products and raw materials, especially cotton and silk, from occupied China and areas in danger of occupation into Free China where it can serve the cause of freedom instead of the army of occupation. In 1940 Indusco in the Northwest alone made four hundred thousand blankets for the army, and in 1941, a million. One hundred and fifty crippled soldiers, housed in a temple, finished almost six thousand blankets in 1940. The cooperatives are now using nearly half the total wool of the Northwest.

INDUSCO FINANCE

The cooperatives are financed partly by gifts from Chinese, American and British friends abroad and in China, but more extensively by loans from the Chinese government. Loans are made at six per cent, an exceedingly low rate for China, where usurers often demand thirty or forty per cent a year, or even five per cent a month. These loans are repaid from a percentage of the wages and profits earned by the cooperatives. By investing a small amount of their wages and profits in the project, the workers become shareholders and profit sharers. Only a worker can be a shareholder. The present dearth of industrial goods has driven prices so high that cooperatives are able to repay their loans in two or three years. About half of the profits go to repay the loans, one-fourth is used to enlarge the industry, and around one-fourth is divided among the workers.

The technicians, accountants, salesmen and managers are also considered as workers, and are frequently given an extra ten per cent profit. In some places these men decided to use

their extra profits in educational and health work. Many cooperatives now finance and run schools for the workers' children and night classes for the workers themselves. In one group a child became ill. All that the parents could do was of no avail, the child screamed all night and died the following morning. The next day the group met and decided to secure a doctor and open a small hospital. Educational work and medical work have now become regular and growing parts of the cooperative movement.

In December of 1940 I visited a cloth cooperative in Paoki. Two years ago it had consisted of twenty-four miserable refugees in a cave. I found that in the interval it had erected several buildings, although it was also still operating in the cave, that it had repaid a loan of six thousand dollars, was paying a small but living wage, and owned a property worth six thousand four hundred dollars. It was distributing several thousands in profits each month. And in addition, it was assisting in running several schools and in doing health and medical work.

CHINESE WOMEN IN INDUSCO

There are many women workers and leaders in Indusco. Madame Chiang sent Miss Jen and four assistants—all five college girls—to organize the refugee women in two great provinces. They opened primary schools, held classes in the open fields, taught homeless orphans and ignorant, superstitious women. They told stories of brave deeds done by girls and women, stories of noble sacrifice and heroism. This is the traditional way of teaching morality and conduct in China.

In six months' time they had started nineteen classes and had found voluntary teachers for them. They found destitute families in caves and brought them into the cooperatives. They interested local village women in the movement. In nine months these five girls had organized twenty-one cooperatives and had put six thousand women to work in them. They had made life physically more bearable and spiritually meaningful for thousands of women. Not only were these workers earning a better living, but they realized that they were also helping to save China from foreign control and were having a real share in building a democratic nation. The poor little factories in which they worked were to these women indeed a new democratic world of fellowship and usefulness.

To do all this Miss Jen had only twenty thousand dollars Chinese money, which Madame Chiang had granted her out of her relief funds. At present this amounts to only one thousand dollars in United States currency. Recently the receipts of one prize fight in New York were six hundred thousand dollars, or twelve million Chinese dollars. A million American dollars could bring new life to a million Chinese women and set them to work in Free China to create a democracy worthy of our study and emulation. That is why many missionaries and other friends of China in Great Britain and America think that several million dollars of the British and American loans to China should be earmarked for the Chinese industrial cooperatives. This, we feel, would do more than anything else to undergird democracy in Free China, and would enable the Chinese to make a vital demonstration of democracy in economic life which would have large influence on the after-war world.

THE SPIRIT OF INDUSCO

Perhaps these foregoing paragraphs have suggested something of the socializing and democratizing spirit of Indusco. Already it is being widely studied as an ongoing movement of world significance. It has brought men and women, races and religions, great and small, together into one fellowship, and out of pessimism and despair it has shaped joy and achievement, economic, moral and spiritual.

In the far Northwest I saw numerous cooperatives where Chinese, tribespeople and Moslems were in friendly partnership. We visited several tanning cooperatives where all the workers were Moslems. In one I made the almost unpardonable mistake of asking if they had leather made of pigskin, which is used for many trunks and suitcase coverings in China. To Moslems even the name of pig is taboo. If a Chinese had asked my question it would have been considered a deliberate insult. But they smilingly forgave the ignorant foreigner, and so in spite of my unwitting rudeness, the Moslem leader of the cooperative, my Christian guide and I, the American missionary, enjoyed real fellowship together.

In Lanchow, capital of Kansu, I gave a lecture on "Cooperation and Democracy" to all the Indusco leaders in that district, over one hundred of them. As in other headquarters, many of them were Christians. The chairman was also a Christian, a member of the Board of Directors of the Lanchow Y.M.C.A., a graduate of Cheeloo University, and a well known churchman in North China. Recently Lu Kwang-mien asked missionaries to join the movement with the one purpose of assisting in the moral and spiritual side. In every Indusco center the Chinese church and foreign missionaries, if there

are such, wholeheartedly support the cooperative movement.

Many of China's ablest foreign trained leaders have given up influential and highly paid jobs to join China's great industrial guerrilla army, which is not only an army of resistance to Japan's aggressions but is also reconstructing China's great hinterland along democratic lines. Villages where one-third of the people live in a system of industrial democracy will soon progress naturally to political democracy. Men and women who have become real industrial citizens will not welcome Nazism nor long tolerate other forms of political tyranny and totalitarianism.

Indusco has special schools for technicians, accountants, managers, salesmen and organizers. The students in these must be high school graduates. Many have completed college. I had a simple meal with some twenty-five of these students in the Indusco headquarters in Paoki, and later I attended an evening meeting of a hundred and fifty students and other Indusco leaders. I addressed them on "The Political and Moral Significance of Industrial Democracy." Their program consisted of plays, games, patriotic slogans and Indusco songs that thrilled one with hope, for they contained more social and moral idealism for the future than hatred for the enemy.

Perhaps the songs and slogans of Indusco best illustrate its spirit. Here are a few of them:

If you register every transaction
The trial balance will bring satisfaction.
Be friendly and kind to each other,
In our society each man is your brother.
But there is no need for endless rules,
If only you do your duty with the tools.

Industrial cooperatives are really the workers' shops.

Industrial cooperatives are a practical method of boycotting Japan.

Cleanliness is health and good health means better work.

In our society only those who work shall eat.

If we are bombed once, we shall rebuild once. If we are bombed ten times, we shall rebuild ten times.

III

AMONG THE STUDENTS OF WEST CHINA

DURING the last four years—all war years—I spent half my time lecturing in Chinese schools in Free China, speaking on international affairs, social problems and Christianity. In the last two years these visits have been in the West and Northwest. Here I was among students who had lost their homes, often their parents, and who, refusing to cooperate with the invaders, had made the great two thousand mile trek West to continue their education and to assist in the program of resistance and reconstruction.

The wartime work of the Chinese church and of the missionaries—the Church Committee for China Relief and other kindred agencies—has silenced all opposition to Christianity. The great relief organizations, such as the Red Cross, the Friends of the Wounded, the Child Welfare Association, Work for the Tribes, Relief Work of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., Refugee Camps, Work for the War Orphans (Warphans), the National Woman's Movement and the New Life Movement, all draw much of their inspiration from Christianity. In fact, most of these organizations were begun by Christians and many of them operate under Christian auspices. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, beloved by all, and the Generalissimo, who is revered by nationalists and communists alike and at whose name all students spring to their feet, are both Christians. All this has made youth look with new favor on Christianity.

STUDENTS OF SZECHWAN

Recently I spent three months in student evangelism with Dr. Luther Shao, a returned student from Yale, and Mr. Pao Wen Nien, a graduate of Nanking University—both earnest Christians, good speakers and great friends of youth. Our itinerary took us all over China's greatest province, Szechwan, which is as large as pre-Nazi Germany, nearly as populous, and richer in natural resources. We visited some thirty schools, many of them refugee schools. They included government universities, normal colleges, primary schools, schools for warphans, and about twenty Christian high schools.

My Chinese colleagues spoke on the Christian contribution to China, especially in wartime, and on the lives of China's two greatest Christian leaders—first, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic and author of *San Min Chu I* (The Three Principles of the People), which is the textbook for both the nationalists and the communists in China; and second, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who is so ably leading China today in her great struggle of resistance to Japan and in national reconstruction.

I gave lectures on the European war, China's struggle against aggression, the world's needs and hopes, and, wherever it was possible to have decision meetings, on the meaning of life and the meaning of the cross. We found Chinese students everywhere quick to understand that science and roads and armies, while important, were insufficient to resist a mighty foe and to rebuild a nation. They could see that the national government's great Spiritual Mobilization Movement was itself evidence that China's leadership realized how necessary were spiritual elements and how inadequate

were material forces alone. The students knew full well that spiritual and moral forces must exist before they can be mobilized, and more and more they realized the need for religious faith for the individual as well as for the nation.

Many times in the last two years I have had a race with both teachers and students to reach an empty grave or a cave where we could hide away while the enemy planes rolled by overhead, dropping bombs around us or in the distance beyond. I sometimes, though much older, even outran them! These occurrences brought home to the Chinese students and to me in a very practical way that although science long ago took us out of the caves, gave us fine homes, tunneled the mountains, made ships to sail on the seas and others to fly above the clouds, it also created bombers which now drive us back into the caves again. This is what happens to a world that has plenty of science but too little conscience to direct it.

The Chinese students know far better than we, from bitter experience, that science in the hands of evil men is destroying the world. They realize that the world needs a revival of conscience and of morality even more than an increase of science. So the student mind is open to Christian truth. Chinese students are re-thinking the meaning of life and re-studying the meaning of the cross.

The Chinese youth passionately desires a new world, a free democratic China and a just society. Christ challenges him to be a new student, a new man, to repent of selfishness and cowardice, to give himself to Christ that he may be empowered to create the just society and build the free China and the new world. He wants an integrated gospel embracing the evangelistic and the social, the whole Christ to change the

whole of life, to remake the world in all its human relationships.

In Szechwan alone over three thousand students made decisions in our meetings, nearly one thousand to be better Christians and some two thousand to become Christians or to study Christianity. In one high school six hundred scholars were scattered in three places over a mile apart, living in temples and in mat sheds with neither doors nor floors. They walked to a common meeting place at six o'clock in the morning to hear our messages, and over two hundred made decisions to become Christians. These students petitioned the principal to lighten the teaching load of an ordained man, who was a returned student from America, so he could teach the Bible and prepare them for baptism. Here one of the Christian teachers apologized to the whole student body for being so dull of heart that he had not realized how the young people needed and welcomed Christian truth and fellowship. In another school, which had just been opened a month prior to our visit, the Christian principal asked us to give our addresses and to meet each class separately for questions, then to take a religious census of his school. We found that there were only twelve Christians in the student body, but over two hundred wanted to study Christianity and over one hundred to become Christians.

In this same city we had meetings in the church, and Madame Chiang's group of village workers attended. They were young women graduates from high school, and their leader was a Christian graduate from Ginling College, a Christian school. When we gave the invitation for decisions, the whole group said they wished to become Christians.

ON INTO THE NORTHWEST

In the Northwest there was the same response. I traveled eight hundred miles by air from Szechwan to Lanchow, the capital of Kansu. China's far and greater Northwest begins at the northwest gate of Lanchow. Hundreds of young Christians, many of them college graduates, have migrated to this area where they now work in government offices, schools, industries and the cooperative movement. In Lanchow, I lectured in two colleges, to many government groups and in the Y.M.C.A., which was recently opened, and preached in the China Inland Mission church.

The great need here is a Christian high school. There are two hundred and fifty Protestant high schools in China, but only two of these are in the Northwest, and they are both in Southern Shensi. In the far Northwest there is not a single Christian high school, to say nothing of a college. To hold the Northwest for democracy, for Free China and for Christ, Christian leadership is needed. Christian leadership requires Christian education as well as Christian evangelism. This is one of the great challenges which come from China's Northwest. I hope some Christian individual or group or college or mission board in America will establish a Christian high school in Lanchow, or better still, will help the Chinese church to establish it there.

After visiting Lanchow, I journeyed back through Southern Kansu, Northern Shensi and across the Yellow River into the Second War Zone, which is near the present war front in the province of Shansi. I was accompanied by Mr. Peter Smith, a Chinese Y.M.C.A. secretary, a returned student from America, a good speaker and a fine Christian friend. Together we

traveled nine days by bus, one day by train, eight days on horseback, ten days by wagon, four days of which were on top of a load of coal. In Paoki, where we arrived by train at midnight, we found that what had been a mile of empty space from the station to the Y.M.C.A. a year before was now solid city, mostly two-story buildings.

Here the Y.M.C.A., only a year old, had over a thousand members, enjoyed the good will of bankers, shopkeepers, military leaders and government officials alike. Under its auspices I gave addresses in all the schools, to youth groups, government leaders, wounded soldiers, and every afternoon for four days preached in a theatre to over eight hundred. Nearly one hundred made decisions to study Christianity or to become Christians.

WE VISIT SHENSI

In Sian (Western Peace), the capital of Shensi, the provincial secretary of education took us in his own car to a school ten miles from the city to speak to eighteen hundred students. Two years before the place was a wilderness. Now the eighteen hundred students are housed in cave-dormitories, and a score of fine buildings furnish adequate classrooms. Only in the Y.M.C.A. and in the churches did we give opportunity for decisions. Although in our twenty-seven meetings there were only three decision meetings, over one hundred and fifty signed cards.

In a smaller neighboring city all the seven government high schools asked me to speak, and in one Christian girls' high school, where we held decision meetings, over one hundred decided to follow Jesus. Another private school, which

receives no mission help but has strong Chinese Christian leadership and which was located six miles from the city, invited me to visit them also. When I could not go, they all came in on foot, arriving at nine o'clock in the morning, to attend our meetings in the city. They joined our general meeting at which I spoke on the world situation, and then I talked to them alone on "The Meaning of Life." Thirty made decisions to become Christians.

I had one evening and half a morning in Northwest University. I was alone. My Chinese partner had been thrown from a truck the day before and could not make this trip. I had been inside, while he had been riding on top, so when he was thrown off against a wall I was only tilted over against the inside of the truck. The buildings of Northwest University and Normal College are scattered around in many temporary structures. I arrived Saturday afternoon, and several Christian teachers and old friends immediately put up announcements that I would speak, and arranged to give me the biggest room. It held fewer than two hundred students, and six hundred came, so we met in the open air. I gave a lecture on the world situation, and announced that I would preach in the church the next morning on "The Meaning of the Cross." It was not the regular time for a church meeting, but I had to leave before noon. The church was filled to the doors, all the standing room being taken, and over thirty university students stood up, indicating their determination to become Christians. Before we left the church the Christian members of the faculty, the dozen Christian students and these new converts organized the "Northwest University Christian Fellowship." A full-time Y.M.C.A. secretary was later employed.

ACROSS THE YELLOW RIVER INTO SHANSI

We crossed the Yellow River into Shansi. As we sat on its rocky banks and listened to its thunderous roar, we meditated on the fact that "China's Sorrow" had become China's salvation. The river of great floods had become the wall of defense beyond which Japanese troops could not go. Thrice they had come to its eastern shores only to leave their dead. Thrice they had been forced back a hundred miles beyond the mountain ranges by guerrillas and by unfriendly fields that refused to feed a conquering foe.

We spent three days beyond this river, crossing on a suspension bridge which could be removed in time of bombing. Here we were escorted and well cared for by our good friend, Bulson Chang, keen-minded and loyal secretary to Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, governor of Shansi and commander-in-chief of the Second War Zone. Mr. Chang is an earnest young Christian whose fine character and Christian zeal have done much to persuade some of the Marshal's young leaders to become Christians.

Marshal Yen is a delightful host. Besides giving us a chance to see him twice and to explain to him our Christian hope for China and the world, he entertained us at a dinner with some twenty of his military leaders. He also arranged to have me speak to over a thousand students and youth at a daybreak meeting. Ex-Governor Chao, an aged Buddhist, honored us by being chairman at this meeting. After speaking on the world situation and the Sino-Japanese war, I told the audience why I believe in a moral, meaningful universe, in God and in Jesus Christ. The chairman, in thanking me, challenged the listeners with these words, "What Mr.

Lautenschlager has said about religious faith, we also believe, don't we?" The huge audience shouted back, *"Wo men hsin"* (We believe).

The great cave-cities of the Northwest are a constant source of wonder and surprise to the traveler. These caves can be easily dug out of the loess mountainsides. For five dollars United States money (one hundred dollars Chinese) four men will dig a cave twenty feet by twelve, in a week. These caves will last for a hundred years and cannot be bombed. They are the eighth wonder of the world, and an expression of a people's unconquerable spirit.

In Marshal Yen's area, we were in two great cave-cities. His headquarters in Shansi is a new cave-city called the "City of Overcoming Difficulty." His headquarters in Shensi—"Autumn Forest City"—fills five great gorges, all leading to steep precipices which reach up and up till they end in towering mountain peaks. In these gorges are caves, street upon street of them, each street higher than the other, a city invisible and invincible. After dark, lit up with hundreds of vegetable oil lamps, it reminds one of Hongkong at night. Here we saw students give an ancient military play before an audience of seven thousand people in a new assembly hall built across the entrance of one of these gorges. Without caves there could be no students in this part of the Northwest, and hence no student evangelism, and without more and better evangelism there will soon be more caves, not only in China but everywhere in our war-torn world.

During one of my visits to a government university, students came, one by one, from morning to evening, to ask questions about religion in general and about Christianity in particular.

A senior was greatly discouraged. "Life," he said, "has no meaning. How can I be happy?"

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"No," he answered.

Then I asked him what religion he adhered to and what his religious beliefs were. He said he believed in no religion and had no faith. I told him it was difficult to have joy without faith. But, I said, there was one more way to overcome pessimism and despair; namely, to share one's sorrows with at least one good friend. "Mr. Loa," he answered, using my Chinese name, "I have no friend."

Then I asked him to forgive my frankness, while I told him his trouble consisted of pure self-centered selfishness. I said, "If you believe nothing and in nobody, how can you expect anyone to believe in you? If you don't befriend anybody, how can you expect anyone to be your friend? Here you are a millionaire by comparison with many—you have a good body and a sound mind, you are a university senior about to graduate, a privilege of one in a thousand in China. Society, all China, the whole world are calling for prepared men who are willing to sacrifice and to serve. And here you are discouraged, thinking only of yourself and how to be happy. Help someone less fortunate than yourself to have a better chance in life and you'll be happy quick enough. Do something meaningful and life will have meaning. Have faith in God, follow Jesus, believe in your country, in yourself, and in others. Start to make the world better and happier by making it better where you are. Then you will have friends. Then you will be happy. Then faith will grow, friends will increase, and joy will abound."

At first my sentences seemed to offend. Then his face brightened. He seized my hand and said, "I thank you. I will believe. I'll begin to serve. I think I know now how to be happy."

THE MEANING OF THE CROSS

Another group of youth to whom we had the great honor of speaking in many cities was that made up of the wounded soldiers. Many of them made decisions to study Christianity or to become Christians. Once I talked before an audience of about two hundred of these soldiers in a big mat shed assembly room. I had with me a picture of Jesus on the cross. After congratulating the wounded men, nearly all youths of twenty or under, I asked them if they understood the meaning of the cross. I thought they would answer, "No," and then I could say, "Very well, I will tell you." But they all shouted, *"Wo men chih tao shih tzu chia"* (We understand the cross). I was nonplused because I knew they did not know the meaning of the cross. I asked, "What cross do you know?" "We know the Red Cross," they answered.

Then I inquired, "What does the Red Cross mean?"

"The Red Cross is very good," they replied. "It means save life."

I said, "You are right, but perhaps you don't know that the Red Cross came out of the Christian church and that without Christianity and Jesus there would never have been a Red Cross."

Then I explained that the first cross, the Roman cross, was not red but black, not life-saving but life-destroying. I told them how a Galilean peasant called Jesus attacked every hypocrisy and injustice with such uncompromising zeal that

the political grafters and the class interests and the religious profiteers of his day conspired to nail him to a cross between two bandits, hoping to destroy him forever, and how Jesus instead of being destroyed by the cross changed the meaning of the cross. The blood of the carpenter made the black cross of life-destroying into the red cross of life-saving. If men repent and receive him and his spirit, their lives will be changed. Instead of selfish, discouraged and defeated lives, they will be able to live unselfish, courageous and victorious lives. It is these victorious lives that can build the new world of justice and freedom and peace.

The wounded men listened eagerly, and when I sat down the officer in charge arose and thanked me. Then he turned to the men and said, "We have known that the Red Cross could save our bodies, but now we also know why the cross is red and that Jesus, who sacrificed his life on the cross, can change our spirits. We all should be Christians in our lives."

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